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Ellie Sells Fish

Women at Work

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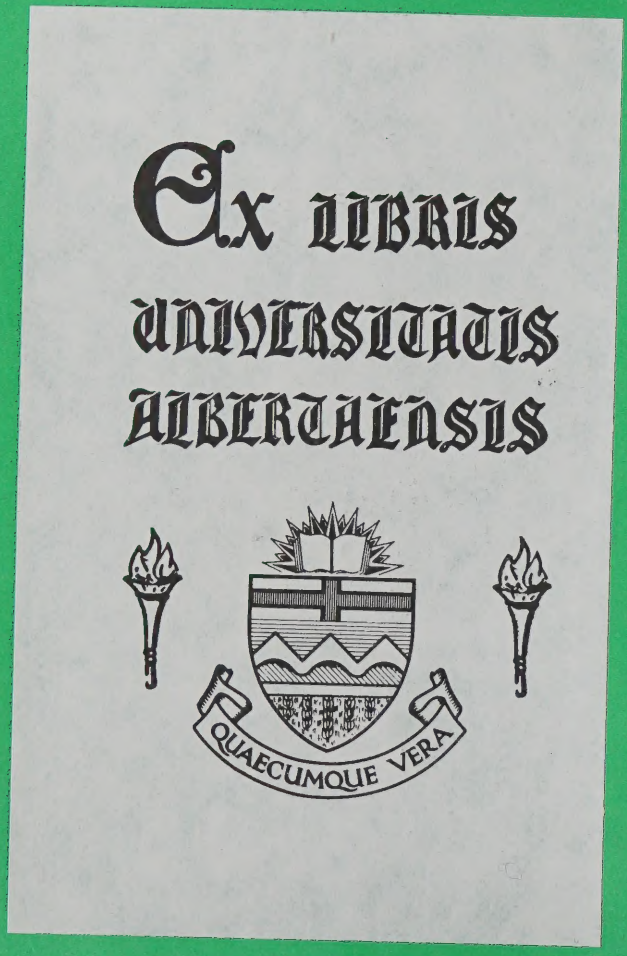
Women at Work

Maryon Makes Shapes
Ellie Sells Fish
Myra Builds a House
Doctor Mary's Animals



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The day Doug decided to buy a friend for his goldfish, he thought he knew exactly where to go. Ellie's Fish Market was just around the corner from his home.

"That's where I'll find one," thought Doug. "I'll take you with me," he told his goldfish. "Then we'll be sure to find a friend that's the right size."

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Doug looked at the fish swimming in the glass tank in Ellie's window.

"They're too big," he thought. "Maybe there will be something smaller inside."

"Hello, there," said Ellie. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to buy a fish, please," said Doug.

"You've come to the right place," said Ellie. "What kind of fish did you want?"

"I'd like to buy a goldfish, like this one," Doug said, and he showed Ellie his fish bowl.

"Well," said Ellie. "I sell whitefish and blackfish, red snapper and blue fin, yellow bass and rainbow trout. I even have lots of fish that are silver, but I don't have one that's gold."

"Excuse me," said a customer. "May I have three small perch, please?"

"Heads on or off?" Ellie asked.

"Off, please," the customer replied.

"Oh-oh!" thought Doug. "I get it. These fish aren't for pets, they're for eating!"

He looked at the rows of fish lying on ice in the glass case. There were long thin fish, round flat fish, big fat fish and even fish with shiny square teeth.

"I didn't know there were so many kinds," said Doug. "Where do they all come from?"

"Some are from the sea, some from rivers, some from lakes," Ellie said.

She told Doug that the fish were sent to her from all parts of the country and from other countries as well.

"People work on fishing boats all year 'round," Ellie explained. "The fish they catch are sold to people like me."

"And then bought by people like me," said the customer. "Thanks, Ellie. I'll see you next week."

"How do the people who catch the fish know how many you want?" asked Doug.

"Come and I'll show you," said Ellie.
"I have to order some now."

Ellie took Doug into the office at the back of the store and picked up the telephone.

"I'm phoning the West Coast," Ellie told Doug as she dialed the numbers.

"Hello, Central Packers? This is Ellie's Fish Market. Do you have any salmon? You do? Then I'd like to order ten boxes. Will you send them by air so I'll have them tomorrow? Thanks. Goodbye."

Ellie dialed another number.

"Now I'm calling the Great Lakes Fishery," she told Doug.

"Hello, this is Ellie. Have the boats come back this morning, George? They didn't go out today at all? The weather must be really bad. I hope it clears up soon, because my customers have been asking for whitefish. No, I don't want any frozen fish, thanks. I'll wait for the fresh fish. I'll call you again on Friday. Goodbye."

Ellie made some notes in her order book.

"People who catch fish have a hard job," she said to Doug. "They have to go out in all kinds of weather, and sometimes the boats get caught in fierce storms. Last year, when the lake froze, one of George's boats was caught in the ice."

"Is that how they get frozen fish?" Doug asked.

"They might have got a few fish frozen out there on the lake," Ellie laughed, "but usually they put the fish in freezers after the catch has been sorted."

"Was the boat stuck for long?" asked Doug.
"Not very long," said Ellie. "The ice moved out the next day and the boat was able to get home."

Another customer came into the store.

She asked Ellie for some fillets of sole.

Ellie asked Bev, her assistant, to take out the bones for the customer.

With a very sharp knife, Bev sliced along the side of the fish, from its head to its tail. She turned it over and sliced the other side in the same way. When she had finished cutting she had two fillets and a fish skeleton.

Doug was surprised to see that all the bones were joined together.

Ellie weighed the fillets and told the customer, "That will be one dollar and sixty cents."

The customer nodded. Ellie wrapped the fish in paper and the customer gave her the money. Ellie pushed the buttons on the till and rang up one dollar and sixty cents.

"Boy, you have a lot of money in there," said Doug.

"All that money has to go into the bank," said Ellie. "Then I can send cheques to pay for the fish I've ordered. I can pay wages to the people who work for me. I can pay the rent for the store and I can make some money for myself too."

"Hmm," said Doug. "It's a lot of work running a store."

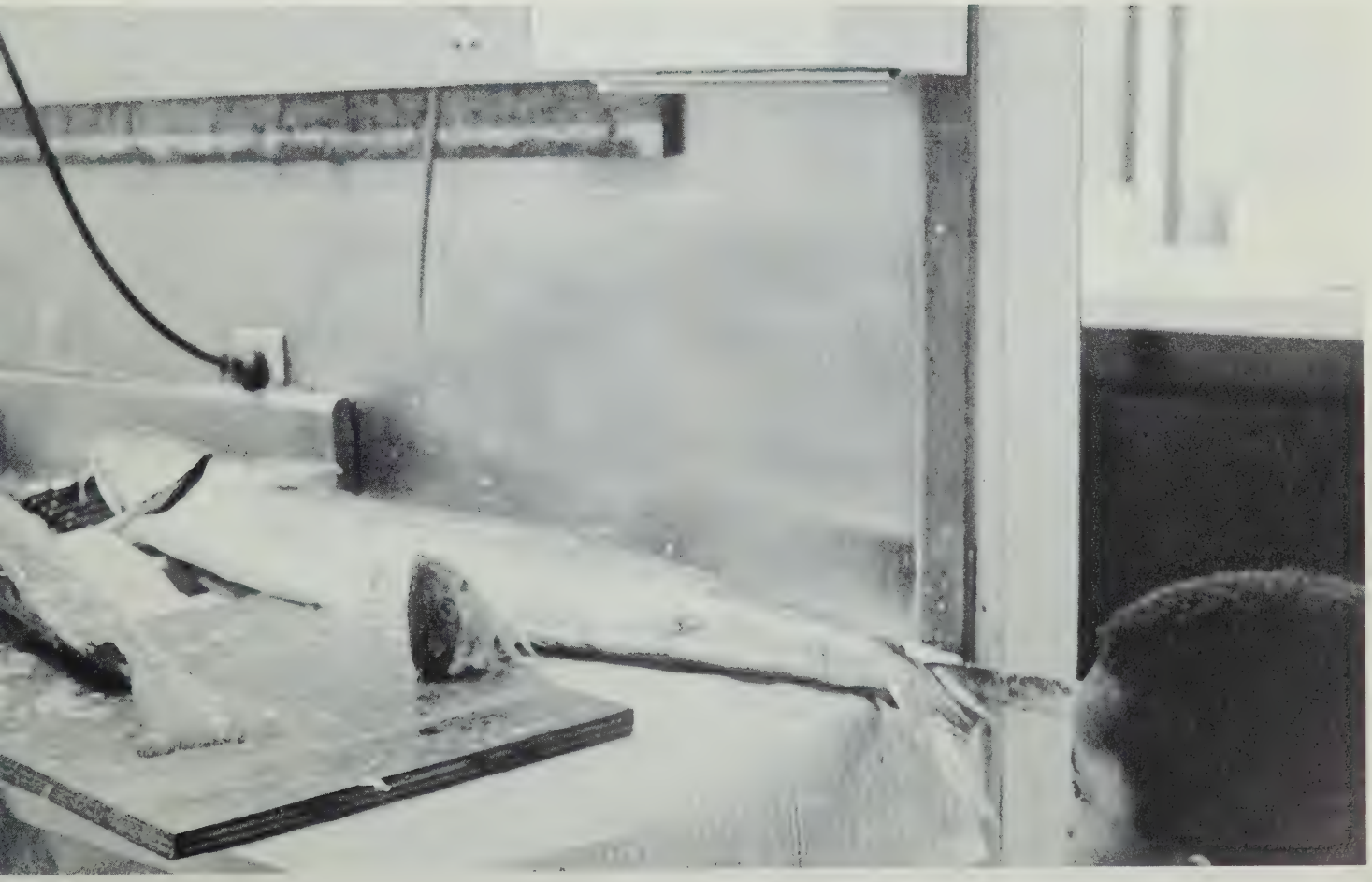
"I'll cut some steaks now, while we're not too busy," said Bev.

She lifted a big fish onto the cutting board. She picked up a tool and started scraping the sides of the fish.

"I have to scrape the scales off first," she told Doug.

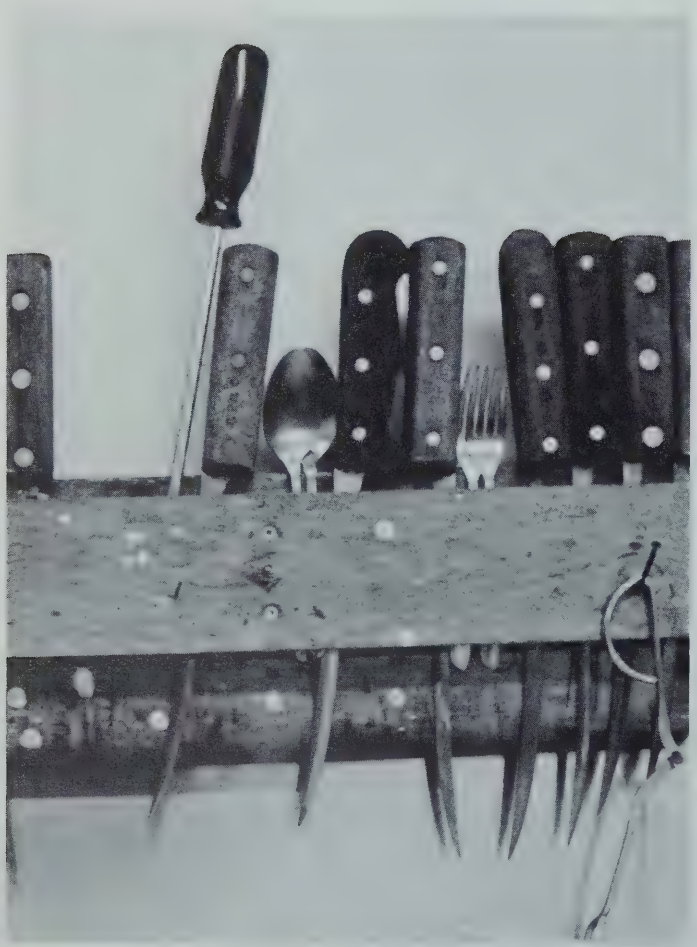
"Why?" Doug asked.

"Because they're as tough as finger nails," said Bev. "They're not good to eat."



She took a knife from the rack on the wall and cut through the fish.

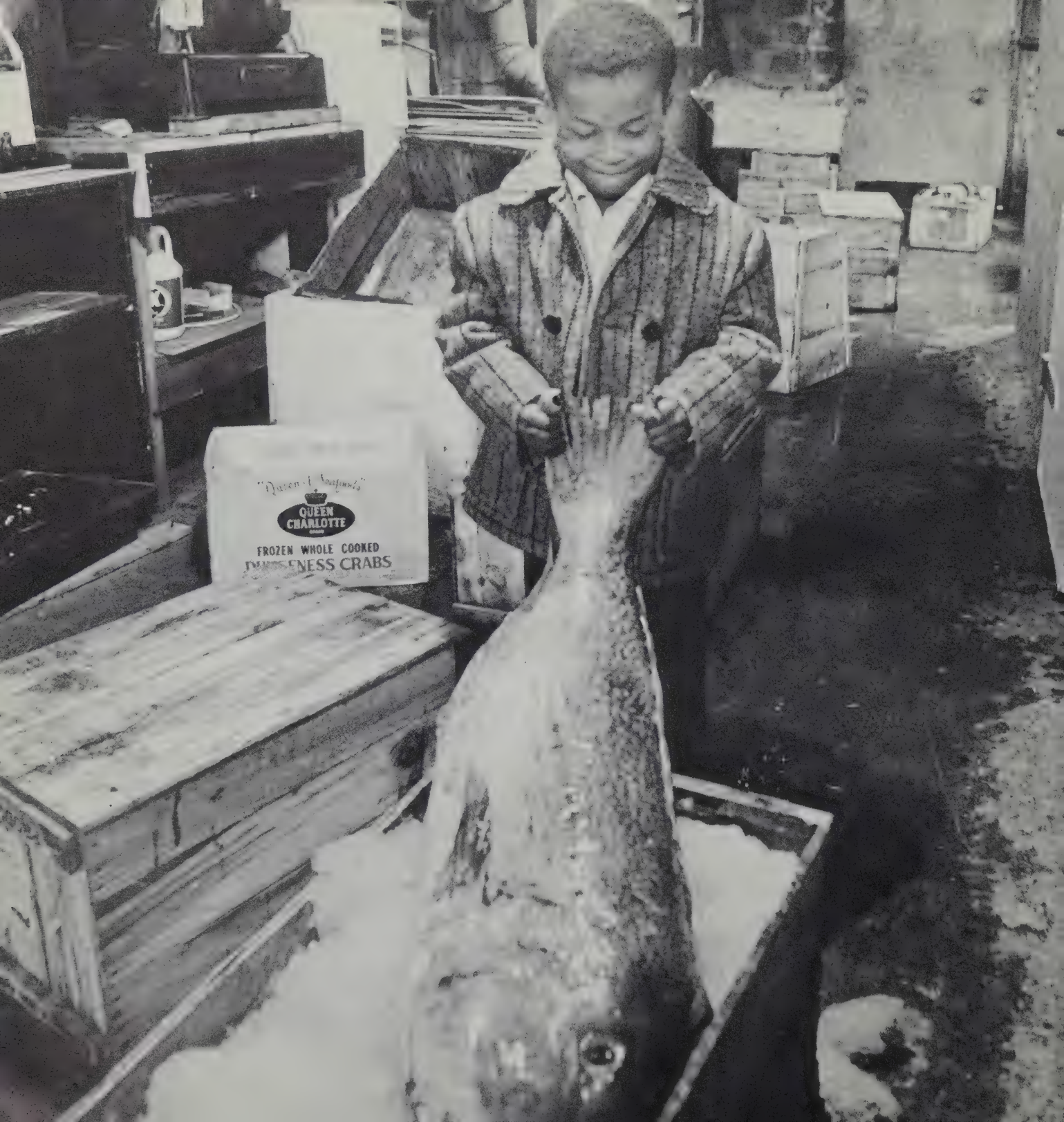
"These are called steaks," she explained.
"Aren't the bones still in?" Doug asked.



"Yes, but when the fish is cooked, they come out easily," said Bev.

"That's the biggest fish I've ever seen," said Doug.

"I can show you some bigger than that," said Ellie. "We keep them on ice in the basement."


QUEEN CHARLOTTE
FROZEN WHOLE COOKED

Down in the basement Doug tried to lift a fish that was bigger than he was.

"This is too big for me," said Doug.

"These are a better size for you," said Ellie.

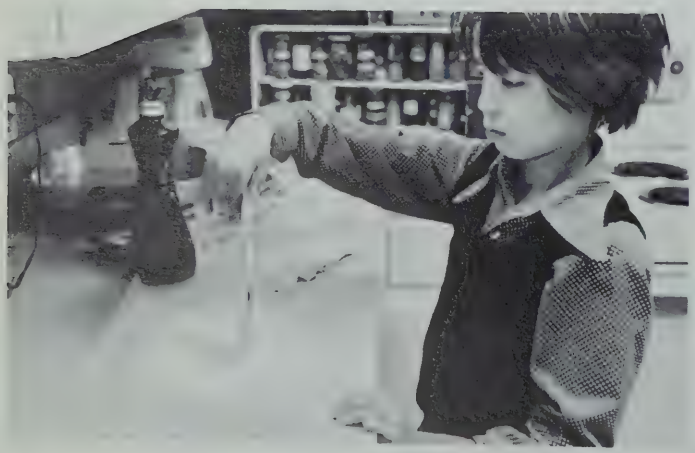
She showed Doug the trout that were swimming in a tank in the corner of the basement.

"My son, Glen, had one of these trout for his dinner last night," she said. "He and his brother, Aaron, ate it. They said it was delicious. Glen caught the trout himself."

"How did he catch it?" asked Doug.
"He used a net to scoop it up," said Ellie.
"Then he cleaned it and scaled it."

"I saw Bev doing that," said Doug. "She used a very sharp knife."

"That's right," said Ellie. "Glen had to learn to work with sharp knives without hurting himself.



After he had cleaned the trout, he took it home. Then he prepared it and cooked it in a frying pan."

"And then he ate it," said Doug.

"Would you like to help me pack some more ice around these fish?" asked Ellie.

She took a shovelful of ice from the bin in front of the ice machine. Doug helped her pack it round the fish that were lying in wooden crates.

They filled a pail with ice and carried it upstairs to put in the front store window.

"Do you know what these are?" asked Ellie, as she arranged various shellfish on the bed of ice.

"Oysters?" asked Doug.

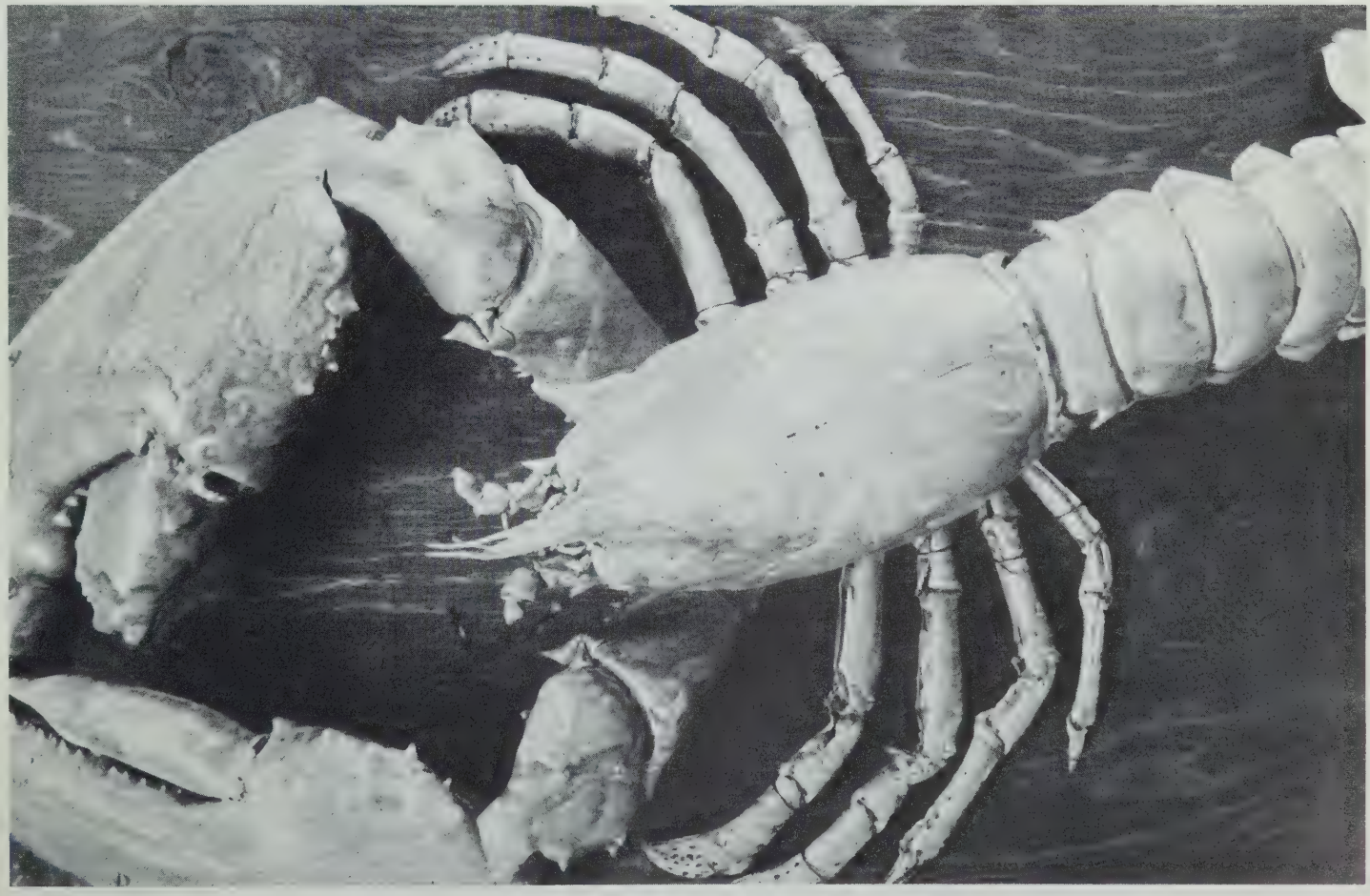
"Yes," said Ellie. "These rough knobbly shells are oysters. These smooth rounded ones are clams. And these black pointed ones are mussels. They're all shellfish."

"They don't look like fish at all," said Doug.
"They can't even swim."

"But they do live at the seashore," said Ellie.
"Clams lie buried in the sand and mud. Oysters and mussels cling to rocks by the edge of the sea. Yesterday they were all in the water and today people who like to eat them can buy them from me."

"Does Bev have to take the bones out of these?" asked Doug.

"Shellfish don't have any bones," said Ellie. "They just have a shell on the outside, like that one up there."
Ellie pointed to a lobster shell on the wall.



"What's that?" asked Doug. "Is it real?"
"It was a real lobster," said Ellie. "After I sold the meat I kept the shell, because it was such a large one."

"That would never fit in my fish bowl," said Doug.

"I had almost forgotten why you came into my store," said Ellie. "You were looking for a goldfish."

"I found lots of fish here," said Doug, "but not the kind I was looking for."

"Maybe you can find a friend for your goldfish in a pet store," said Ellie.

"There's one down the street. I'll show you where it is."

Doug carried his goldfish to the door.

"Goodbye, Doug," said Ellie. "
me again."

"I will," said Doug. "And next time, I'll catch a fish for my dinner."

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